

These Tales Untold by **galaxiezzz**

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Angst, Drama

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-12-14 18:36:36

Updated: 2017-12-14 18:36:36

Packaged: 2019-12-17 03:08:08

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 315

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Mike feels deep down that she's there, but doesn't feel the light. She's there, but feels his darkness.

These Tales Untold

Mike never understood the movies that depicted such great depression. The kid thought that the people who had depression were just seeking attention. That was all, until he lost her to the greatest monster that could only be created by the imaginary games that he plays with his limited group of friends.

Her.

Eleven.

The name rang through his ears like an ancient symphony, it was pure beauty. Personally, he believed his El was the epiphany of beauty

Though he never had the chance to truly call her his own, therefore he would never have anyone...

Regret, and doubt flooded his mind with a sharp pain, he wasn't worthy for her. Wasn't good enough to save her... She was so strong, he believes he is so weak. Consequently, Hawkins' lost the innocence that was her, it was supposed to be him.

The young teen often ponders whether or not she truly has slipped away into the afterlife, his best theory is that she is being held by a dark force from the Upside Down. Unintentionally, he feels as he is upside down, consequently being filled with confusion, and uncertainty.

Others have asked if he was alright, he responds with a "Sure" or an "I'm fine". A facade is what it is, deep down he is so hurt that he feels numb. Eleven brought him so much light, she created him, and now his has been damaged. He knows he deserves this pain, it's his fault. Though he is only fourteen, he experiences the pain that no teen should be burdened by.

School is difficult, as a result of not paying attention to his own obligations and not attending school as a whole. Feeling nothing came with such consequences, he was eternally falling into that

nothingness. He feels the dark tendrils of his heavy heart encase him like an ice-cold blanket.